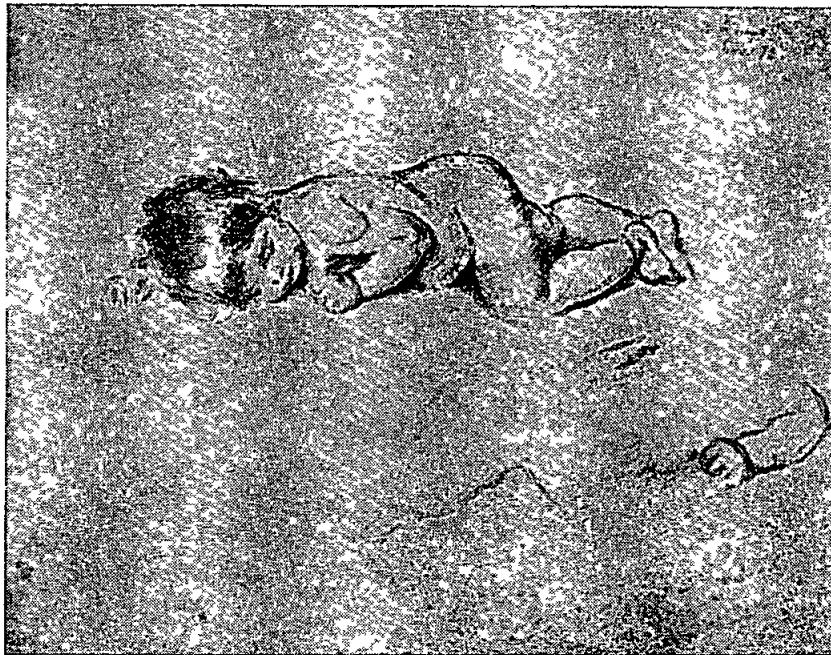


August, 1927

Twenty Cents

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

We want Children of Choice rather than of Chance



It is the future which in the form of a child sleeps in our arms The time
will come when the child will be looked upon as holy —ELLEN KFY

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

Four Steps to Our Goal — Agitation, Education, Organization, Legislation

VOL XI

AUGUST, 1927

No 8

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EDITORIAL

THE WORLD POPULATION CONFERENCE which is to open at Geneva, Switzerland, the last days of August is not the only international conference to be held in Europe this summer which has a close and intimate bearing on Birth Control. Others are the 5th International Genetics Congress, to be held in Berlin, September 11-18, and the Eugenics Conference at Amsterdam soon after that date. As delegates to their sessions as well as to the Population Conference will go many who are firm supporters of Birth Control. Among Americans are our friends Dr. P. W. Whiting of Bussey Institute, Harvard, Dr. Leon J. Cole, of the National Research Council at Washington, and the Genetics Department of Wisconsin University, Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins and President C. C. Little of Michigan. We hope to publish adequate reports of all three conferences.



IF WE MAY judge by advance notices of the program and by newspaper reports of its recent convention, the National Woman's Party is still unwilling to even discuss Birth Control as a possible part of its program of "complete equal rights" for women. The subject was not brought up at the convention nor was there any place where it could have been brought up, for not even the general subject of equality in sex relations appears on the agenda. Until Birth Control is discussed and until discussion passes into inclusion in its program of women's rights the National Woman's Party will not be in a real sense a feminist party. For there is one respect in which the average woman of the wageearning and the farming classes — to which belong the great majority of women in the United States—is handicapped by comparison with the average man. Unlimited fatherhood withdraws men in no way from the general life and public activities

of humanity. But unlimited motherhood does exactly that for women, it handicaps them physically by tying them down to an animal function repeated at the shortest possible intervals. It limits them between pregnancies to a life of drudgery and it withdraws them for their best years from the general public life of the race until, when their child-bearing period is over their minds are stultified and they can take no part. The Woman's Party, starting among intellectuals and women of leisure, has broadened its program to take in the wageearning woman. We can only hope that by the time its delegates meet in convention again they will have awakened to the fact that the ordinary married woman can never belong to the wageearning class—can never be economically independent—until she is able absolutely to regulate maternity to suit her own necessities. If they aim, that is, to represent equal rights for women of all classes, they must make Birth Control a foundation demand. Unless they do, the National Woman's Party will represent merely the interests of a favored group, a group who have, all of them who desire it, already gained access to contraceptive information.



OPINION is divided as to the merits of prohibition, but we cannot help wondering whether the American Medical Association could not have spared a little of the indignation it expended at its last annual meeting on the curtailment by law of its right to use alcohol for the curtailment by law of its right to use another and infinitely more essential therapeutic agent, namely Birth Control. We do not believe that a shortage or even a total lack of alcohol could cause one hundredth or one thousandth the suffering and the fundamental physical injury that is caused by women's enforced ignorance of contraceptive methods. If the law which limits the amount of whiskey a physician can use is "a

triumph of imperialism over the methods and achievements of science unequalled even in the middle ages," in what age of darkness and despotism can we look for legislation that parallels those state and federal statutes which decree illhealth to millions of mothers and children and make it impossible for physicians to prescribe for them the cure? The very wording of the resolution against the Volstead Act, which was presented by the New York State Medical Society, puts it up to the American Medical Association to take the next logical step and protest equally, or more, vigorously against anti-Birth Control legislation. The resolution reads, in its essential parts: "Whereas, it is not only the right, but the sacred duty of Americans, inheriting as they do, the inestimable privileges of Anglo-Saxon liberty, to petition for a redress of grievances

"Therefore, Be it Resolved, That the House of Delegates of the Medical Society of the State of New York representing as it does more than ten thousand duly licensed physicians of this State, mindful as it is of the solemn duty of the doctor to render his patient whatever treatment the true teachings of science declare to be necessary or beneficial in caring for the sick, and resenting with stern disapproval any arbitrary and unscientific curtailment of this obligation, realizing full well that to prevent the physician by arbitrary regulation from using for his patient's benefit *whatever therapeutic agent** his scientific knowledge and his conscience dictate earnestly petitions for the immediate repeal" of a section of the Volstead Law

BY VIRTUE of his high standing in his church the article by the Rev. John A. Ryan which the *Forum* publishes in its July number may be taken as the official opposition to Birth Control. Father Ryan approaches the subject from the metaphysical standpoint, and, standing as he does on ground peculiar to himself, it is impossible to find fault with his arguments. The only thing that can be said, and it is a thing conclusive in regard to their application for other people, is that they are based on premises which the world in general does not and cannot accept as true. Those who argue for Birth Control on moral grounds base their morality on considerations of right and wrong that have nothing to do with the "intrinsically immoral" conceptions of Father Ryan. They refuse to accept such a pronouncement as he makes when he

*The italics are ours

states that "contraceptive practices invariably increase the sum total of human selfishness, decrease the capacity to endure and to achieve, and cause a decline in numbers." The last statement may in many cases be true, but it is no indictment of Birth Control. If Birth Control causes a decline in numbers, it is probably because the numbers have become too great for human welfare and happiness. As for the other indictments, the question is "How does Father Ryan know whereof he speaks?" If intuitively, as he judges Birth Control, his statements will not be accepted by scientific men, nor even by practical people who ask for proof outside of intuitive convictions. Let those who are content to accept their morality from such inspired sources follow Father Ryan, and the pronouncements of the Roman Catholic Church. Other people, who look around the world as it is, and who consider it immoral to increase its misery, and right and moral to spare little children suffering and to save mothers from despair, will be unaffected by arguments which take no note of facts, figures and actualities.



KITTY MARION'S recent arrest at the Grand Central Station for obstructing traffic came almost a year after her last arrest on the ground of selling without a license. Both cases were promptly dismissed by the court, as the police who know the law must have been aware they would be, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the arrests were meant merely as annoyances, with the hope of wearing her down and driving her off the streets. The precinct station complained that it was in receipt of many letters asking to have the sale of the *REVIEW* at the Grand Central stopped. Since the law is on Miss Marion's side the police are hard pressed to satisfy these critics and they hope by annoyance to accomplish what they cannot by law. That this is their hope is borne out by the fact that several weeks before the arrest a policeman ordered her off the curb and into the building line and shortly after this a private policeman of the Grand Central ordered her off the building line. The court has found that she does not obstruct traffic and the game of battledore with a human shuttlecock being put a stop to, it is hard to imagine what new torment can be devised in the attempt to bring to an end the activities of one whose fortitude has been tested, not by a single act of courage but by calm persistence in the face of ten years persecution. In these days when both scientists and the thinking general public are all in support of Birth Control Kitty Marion remains, the last of our supporters to be martyred.

Am I My Sister's Keeper?

By E P G

TO-NIGHT I bow my head and ponder To-night my heart aches and my conscience points an accusing finger Across the street, my jolly, fun loving, little English neighbor lies dead

I can hear the crying of her children—ten of them It is nerve wracking, more so, to me, because the tiny new baby that is now motherless, was the cause of her death

A year and a half ago, our beds stood side by side in a semi-private maternity ward The little girl born to her then, was her ninth child I left the hospital a few days before the little English friend was ready to leave As I was leaving she said

“Tell me how you do it? You have only *three* children, scattered over all the years of your married life, and here I am with *nine*, and I'm two years younger than you”

As I stood before her my only recollection is of the fear that assailed me She went on

“Please tell me what you do I *know* there is *something*, but no one will tell me I can't go home and—have another!”

Before my God, I ask Am I a MURDERER?

The fear of man-made, unjust laws, the fear of the stone walls and iron bars of a prison cell, sealed

my lips I wanted to tell her *all* I knew, but the fact is—I DID NOT DARE!

Hark!

THE THIN voice of a new born baby, hungry for a mother's care, drifts in through my open window Then the cries of all the intermediate children, broken in on by the sobbing of sixteen-year-old Marge, who is the oldest, and who must now shoulder all the responsibilities laid down by the little mother

If the baby dies, who is to blame?

If sorrow comes to frail, pretty Marge, on account of lack of a mother's guidance, who is to blame?

And those eight innocent intermediates, what may not happen to them, without the love of the mother they adored?

There is no way of shifting the blame The law-makers of the land, including myself, are the cause of the passing of a needed member of our society Another MOTHER lost to the world

What are we doing about it?

* * * * *

The Lord said unto Cain “Where is Abel thy brother?” And he said “I know not AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?”

Zoe Beckley Again

More than a hundred letters have come to the League since this, her second piece of educational work was done for Birth Control

“Dear Zoe Please write the particulars concerning Birth Control, Mrs N”

The founders of the American Birth Control League, Incorporated, of 104 Fifth Avenue, New York, believed that the sum of human happiness is increased by the creation of fewer babies and better ones

They thought the way to preserve marriage and the sanctity of the home was to place no greater burdens upon the wife in her capacity of mother than she could bear without sacrifice of health, and no greater burdens upon the father in his capacity of wage-earner than he could carry

It was plain to them that if children were to be properly brought up, given their fair share of health, happiness and education, there could not be too many of them A

few well-cared for ones were better, they figured, than many sickly, neglected ones

So many people agreed with them that the League was formed, with Mrs Margaret Sanger at the head of it and many prominent men and women as members They fought an uphill fight, for various prejudices stood against them, countless people having been made to believe that to limit the size of families was not humanity's job, but God's

That this is an outworn belief, even a misconception of righteousness is now thought by the majority of educated persons, and the Birth Control movement is steadily advancing

Their advice, of course, is as to the prevention of conception, not the destruction of any life that has commenced A letter to the League at the address given above will bring adequate results

Tabu: A Defence of Birth Control

By EDWARD MURRAY EAST

THOSE who follow the census returns and the reports of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and who have some facility in the use of statistics, can readily calculate that at the present rate of increase in world population the number of mouths to be filled will tax our agronomical skill to the utmost in less than two hundred years, even when a reasonable allowance is made for a rise in performance records. Note that they do not predict any such eventuality, they merely evaluate the current rate of change, as does any forehanded business man who tries to peer into the future. But even this harmless, thought-provoking diversion excites combativeness.

Texas and Other Solutions

Dr Robert T Morris, who at one time was a surgeon of high repute, but who abandoned the simple art to which he had been trained in order to give advice to those who follow that complex mixture of science and commerce known as agriculture, writes frequently and at length saying that the earth is sadly underpopulated. I forget the number of people that he says can and will be accommodated, but it is astonishingly large. At one time nuts were his hobby. He had millions feeding contentedly on these succulent kernels. More recently, it is muskrats. The muskrat is delicious, he says, and highly nutritious.

Arthur Brisbane also comes to the fray, wholly unarmed except for his pencil. He estimates that all of the world's peoples could stand on Staten Island,—possibly it was Long or Blackwell's,—allowing three square feet per person, and this seems fair enough, for under those conditions people would be thinner and require less space. He further estimates that Texas, properly exploited by the farmer, could feed this upstanding multitude. Had he been acquainted with the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture on the agronomical possibilities of Texas, however, he would have selected Illinois as the basis of his calculation, for Illinois, agriculturally speaking, is considerably larger than the Lone Star State.

And so go all population arguments based upon the data of economics and of vital statistics. In part we of the States are apathetic to the difficulties of the population problem because inordinate stores

of natural resources, available at a time when scientific discovery promoted rapid exploitation, have made us what one might call a hopelessly optimistic nation. No evil day can possibly dawn upon us, we are too clever. Secretary Hoover may say, "Increasing population will force the United States to advance in scientific discovery or to lower its standard of living." No matter. We will meet all obstacles and surmount them. Knibbs and Pearl, speaking as statisticians, or Ross and Fairchild, speaking as sociologists, may point out that the pitifully short lives full of hunger and misery endured by the peoples of China and India, and the economic disturbances of Western Europe, are due in large measure to high population density. What of it! It can never happen to us!

And there is some justification for this position. I would not like to admit being a professional optimist, for that carries with it too much implication of ignorance and stupidity, but I do believe that the United States will escape the population deluge that has submerged some of the older countries. It came upon the world's stage at a time when it could profit sociologically as well as economically by the great increase of knowledge in the immediate past. It ought and probably will solve the population problem before any very distressing calamities spread over the face of the land, and will solve it by the only effective means, contraception. Already

A Touch of Humor

Pennsylvania

As I have eight children I really must not have any more, for the ones I have are not properly taken care of. We could care for the first four and get along fairly well, but each since has been an added burden. Although my husband is Catholic he has the same idea I do about this and a good lot of Catholics I know have too, regardless of what the priests say. I heard an amusing talk at the church door the other day that would do nicely for the BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW. The priest had given a fine sermon on the joy and pride of a large family and two old ladies passing out greeted each other.

1st Biddy Shure and it's a fine talk Father was after givin' us this mornin'

2nd Biddy (Mother of 10) Shure and I wish I knew as little about it as he does!

I hope you will help me and I will be very grateful. No need telling you we are poor, any one with eight youngsters is poor, they keep one so

*By permission of the Editors, we reproduce here parts of Professor East's article which appeared in the May number of the Forum. The whole article is well worth perusal.

the birth rate has fallen to a figure which causes anxiety among those who fail to appreciate such blessings. Perhaps it will ultimately drop to a point that will insure a stationary population having an optimum economic efficiency.

Some changes in governmental attitude will be necessary to achieve this millennium. It cannot come if Birth Control is a general practice among the well-to-do, the while impossible among the poor. It cannot come by what Margaret Sanger calls a "cradle competition between the fit and the unfit." It cannot come if families of reasonable size are penalized economically. It can come in no other way than by encouraging parents of every station to have only those children who can be blessed with health and educated to their whole capacity. Perhaps it will come, but rosy hopes do not warrant apathy. On the contrary, they entail eternal vigilance in all our social procedures. Some single mischance, like the success of the alien lobbies now gathered in force at Washington to fight our restrictions on immigration, may upset all calculations.

What Is Novel Is Immoral

This particular ground for reacting violently against Birth Control is unimportant, unfortunately, for it is the easiest to undermine. Many people in India, in China, and even in western Europe, who have no prideful predictions to make along economic lines, are more bitterly opposed to such practices than are those of the United States. It is upon moral grounds that the chief arguments are made. And those moral grounds resolve themselves into custom. That which is novel is only too often immoral to persons who cannot or do not reason clearly.

Discussions of the moral aspects of Birth Control have brought forth some odd contentions. It is maintained that Birth Control would cause racial deterioration, in the first place because the opportunity of producing genius is restricted, and in the second place there is an association between fine minds and feeble bodies. It is the type of argument that impresses the layman, being made so dogmatically that he feels that it must have some basis of fact. The first point becomes absurd when once one realizes where its logic leads. One of the greatest minds of all time was Leonardo da Vinci, and Leonardo was born out of wedlock. It is, moreover, no guarantee of greatness in a nation that its people spawn promiscuously in order to provide greater opportunity for high-grade germ cells' meeting.

Which Way?

North Carolina

I have had two children and have gotten rid of two by abortion. I do not know what I will do if I should get in that way again. My husband does not want any more and we have both tried to be careful. He cannot understand why I cannot keep from getting that way, as he says other women seem to and still their men get what they want. I have never quarrelled but once with my husband and that was when I told him I thought I was going to have another child. So I just went and got rid of it. I would like if you would advise me so this will not have to happen again.

The fundamental requisite for genius is a good heritage. This no one denies. But a benevolent environment is a factor of no less importance. I have not the slightest doubt but that America today is teeming with potential greatness, a goodly proportion of which will never come to fruition because of lack of opportunity. One of the soundest arguments of the Neo-Malthusians is that widespread opportunity can only be offered to developing manhood and woman in a nation unharassed by population difficulties. The second contention is simply false. It was disposed of by Havelock Ellis in a series of brilliant essays quite some time ago. And just recently Terman has shown that the thousand most intelligent children of California are above the average in bodily health and strength.

These arguments are typical. They are endeavors to rationalize irrational prejudices. And they mask the real issues. Down deep in their hearts the antagonists of Birth Control are merely oppressed with fear for their miserable souls. Their attitude is well illustrated by one of the delightful anecdotes of the ironical master of the Villa Said, as reported by M. Brousson:

"A true Christian was M. le duc de B. Like Abraham, like Polyuctus, he was capable of sacrificing both wife and children in order to enter heaven. The duchess had had several difficult accouchements. Disturbed by the prospects, the physician believed it to be his duty to warn M. de B. The duke regarded him with contempt. 'Monsieur,' said he with a lisp,—for he lisped like a child,—'Monsieur, I am a good Catholic. I prefer to lose my wife rather than to lose my soul. I have only one soul, and women are so plentiful.' Shortly after, it was learned that Madame de B. had died in childbirth."



Who'll Tell the Story of Life?

WHO shall tell the youngsters where babies come from?

"Not the school teachers!" says Dr. Stuart McGuire of the Academy of Medicine of the University of Virginia, in a vehement appeal to "banish the teaching of sex hygiene and return to modesty." Whereupon it might be well to face a few facts

Unquestionably, Getting Born is the most important thing that happens to any of us. Unless that happens, nothing else can happen on this earth. And unless that happens RIGHT everything else is maimed and muddled. So it follows that the most important part of any education is a knowledge of the facts of life. Very well—how and where are the prospective fathers and mothers of the nation getting the facts of life?

Dr. McGuire implies that they are getting them in the classroom. With all due respect to your medical attainments, Friend Doctor, your implication is a million miles from the truth. It is true that there are courses in sex hygiene in most of our universities and colleges. But does any person of normal intelligence think that Young America is going to wait until it is of college age to discover the facts of sex?

Long before Bill and Bessie become freshmen they have found out where babies come from. They have NOT found out in books, lectures nor school rooms nor churches nor at mamma's knee.

They have found out behind the barn
Or in snickering conferences in school washrooms
Or in bawdy jests heard in the back of poolrooms
And what have they found out?

They have found out lies and filth and hideous misrepresentation which shock and sicken sensitive child minds, and permanently befoul all thought of love and marriage.

That is how the children of America today are learning the facts of sex and birth.

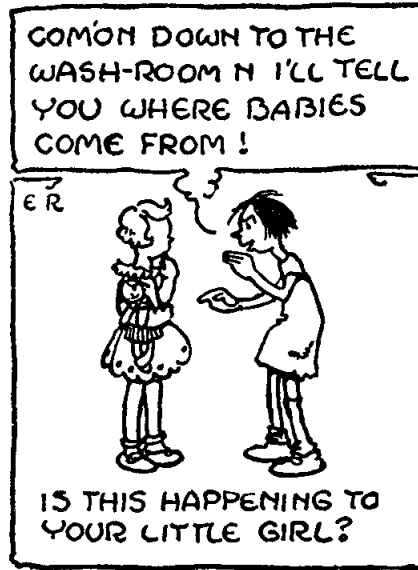
Doubtless the good doctor would agree with me in deploring these facts, just as heartily as he deplores the discussion of sex in the schoolroom. "It is all demoralizing," he would cry. "There is only one place to learn the story of life—one pure and holy place—and that is in the home."

This is a beautiful theory, but there is one inescapable difficulty in the way.

The vast majority of parents cannot teach their children the facts of life. Why? Because the vast majority of parents do not know the facts of life.

You need something more than purity and holiness to make you a fit educator—you need information. And the average parent has about as much accurate sex information as a grasshopper.

A boy of 10 often knows more about a fiver than the usual mother of a family knows about her own body. And I am not now referring to ignorant mothers of foreign birth. I am referring to American women with High School educations.



The story of life is based on biology and anatomy.

Biology and anatomy are not romantic folk lore which you can absorb in a few hours' conversation. Nor are they born in one as the desire for a mate and love of children are born in one. They are exact sciences, as difficult and complicated as astronomy or mathematics. They must be learned as any other science is learned. And our present outbreak of vulgarity and nasty license is the inevitable evil fruit of such ignorance and repression.

Yet Dr. McGuire would have us drop even our present inadequate teaching of sex hygiene and "go back to modesty."

Maybe that sort of thing is modesty—

If so, a sewer is first cousin to a violet.

—ELSIE ROBINSON in *The San Francisco Call*



Marriage Today and in the Future

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

IV *

Success or Failure—Clarifying the Issue

HOW IS marriage, as we actually have it with us in our existing society, succeeding and failing, and, more particularly, how may we make it succeed and not fail? At bottom, in the great majority of marriages, we have both success and failure present. Some marriages, undoubtedly, are utterly successful. You know some of these ideal marriages, I hope, where the husband and the wife have come together like two rivers that flow in a single stream toward the everlasting deep! How numerous such marriages are, we cannot say. They never get into the divorce courts, never are featured on the front pages of the newspapers, never are talked about by the gossips of the neighborhood. I imagine they are comparatively few. But they exist, like the air we breathe, like the sunshine by which we live, an essential part of the loveliness of nature. Other marriages there are which are total failures. The number of these we know, for they end in the divorce courts, and thus become a matter of public record. In America, at the present time, they are averaging about one marriage out of every nine. Between eleven and twelve per cent of all the men and women who are joined in matrimony, are sooner or later separated forever by the process of divorce. In between these two extremes are the great majority of marriages which are simply a complicated mixture of success and failure—a central relationship of life not measuring up to its ideal! Now what can we do to lift it a little higher, and what can we do to prevent its falling a good deal lower?

(1) First, the test of success and failure, which I propose to use is that of happiness. I use this not because I am a hedonist who believes that happiness is the be-all and end-all of existence. But in this peculiar and intensely personal problem, none the less, I find it helpful to concede that happiness—by which I mean that deeper happiness of the inward heart which reveals the peace that passeth understanding—that such happiness, if not the final test of success, is at least the sign and symbol of its attainment. I would use the standard of happiness in this problem today, as the captain of a ship at sea uses the barometer upon the bridge. If it rises, the marriage is moving toward success, if it falls, the marriage is slipping into failure. I speak frankly to you, therefore, in terms of happiness.

(2) Secondly, happiness in marriage is not a gift but an achievement, not something received automatically from on high, but something won right here upon the earth by labor, sacrifice, love, and many tears. Men and women who go into marriage have got to earn their happiness. All too common is the idea that marriage works a miracle, or is itself a miracle, which confers ineffable blessing upon all those who come beneath its influence. When I consider what marriage is—how intimate its relations, how delicate its adjustments, how difficult its innumerable problems—I marvel that any of us can stand it. If we do, it is not because of

A Poor Man's Doctor

Alabama

I am the wife of a working man. I am twenty-seven years old and the mother of four children. My baby is nine months, the others, three, five and seven years of age. When my husband and I were married we were in perfect health but now his health is broken and I am a wreck, all from having children too fast. Please help me for I feel that I cannot bring any more into the world. I have neither the strength nor the means. There is no other way to find out as my physician will not give me information although he knows that my health is ruined and that we spend everything my husband earns for doctors and medicine. He also knows that not one of our children have good health.

BEFORE discussing the main aspects of this question, I want to make some preliminary observations, to the end of clarifying the issues which are before us. Whether you will accept the counsel which I have to offer, is for you to decide. But I at least want you to catch my angle of approach. Hence these preliminary observations, which are three in number.

*This is the fourth of a series of articles based on sermons by John Haynes Holmes. Reprints of the sermons in full can be obtained for 10c at the Community Church, Park Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

any magic in the relation itself, but only because of self-control, discipline, tact, patience, and much love within ourselves. The two partners *win* their happiness, very much, perhaps, as the man has won his bride, by a process of persistent wooing. No woman is won all at once. She's hard to catch, if she's wise, that is, she's hard to catch! What the lover has to do is to conspire to ensnare her, and this requires plotting, planning, constant watchfulness, and unremitting endeavor. Well, happiness in marriage is like the wise woman in courtship. Husband and wife must now do together what the lover was once doing alone, they must conspire to ensnare the object of their desire, and thus capture and hold her. "Marriage," says Dr. Alfred Adler, the world-famous psychologist, now lecturing in this city under the auspices of this church, "marriage is a task." It is, indeed, a task, a labor like the labor of Sisyphus in the old Greek legend. Every hour the married couple must toil, as Sisyphus toiled, to roll the stone of happiness to the top of the hill which marks success. They can't let up a single moment, lest the stone roll to the bottom again. They can't even be sure when they have reached the top (if they ever do) that the stone will stay. Their task is a life-task. Which means that, above all things else, there must never be any hasty decisions in this matter of marriage—never any final acceptance of failure and defeat! In this case, as in so many other cases, patience is the primary virtue.

How many know, for example, that most divorces are granted in the third year of married life? The first year brings trial, disappointment, and finally, despair, the second year is spent in mustering up courage to confess the facts and appeal to the divorce courts, the third year brings the moment when the bond is severed, and the husband goes one way and the wife the other. Statistics in-

dicade, as I have said, that this is what happens in the great majority of broken marriages. From which, it seems to me, it is not unfair to draw the inference that if husband and wife can only pull through the third year, the chances are they will stay together and make some kind of a success of their marriage! In any case, don't hurry—be patient—always be willing to try again. No married couple has ever attained happiness all at once.

(3) The third and final observation is that men and women who marry are exactly the same, ordinary, commonplace men and women who enter into every other relationship of human life. When we marry we are no more perfect than when we don't marry. We are just the regular common clay of human nature—the divine spark within us, we devoutly hope, but in substance identically the same clay out of which the structure of the world is built. Now this being the case, there is no reason why all marriages should succeed. On the contrary, when you see how men and women succeed and fail in all the other problems of human life, there is every reason why a considerable proportion of marriages should fail. The relationship in each case is bound to be just about what the individuals who compose it are themselves—moral success, or moral failure, or a mingling of both. So why expect too much? When I consider the failures of human nature, when I remember our manifold weaknesses and sins, when I think of how we are defeated again and again in every other enterprise of human living, I wonder not that so many marriages end in divorce, but that so many marriages do not. If we are discouraged by the fact that one marriage out of every nine is broken, may we not well be encouraged by the fact that eight marriages out of every nine endure?

(To be continued)



Love

Take now the enclosing theme of all, the solvent and the setting,
 Love, that is pulse of all, the sustenance and the pang,
 The heart of man and woman all for love,
 No other theme but love, — knitting, enclosing, all-diffusing love

O how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
 I see the vast alembic ever working, I see and know the flames that heat the world,

The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
 So blissful happy some, and some so silent, dark, and nigh to death,
 Love, that is all the earth to lovers—love, that mocks time and space,
 Love, that is day and night,—love, that is sun and moon and stars,
 Love that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume,
 No other words, but words of love, no other thought but of love

—WALT WHITMAN IN "The Mystic Trumpeter"

Book Reviews

"A CHILD IS BORN," by Raymonde Machard, translated from the French by Madeleine Boyd Cosmopolitan Book Company New York \$2 00

THIS is a beautiful book describing minutely the feelings of a woman become conscious of a desire for a child—her hopes and fears until the time when she knows her desire will be fulfilled, her emotions during the months of waiting for the supreme moment, and then the last, intense hours when the child is being born. It is written simply and directly, there are no complications of mood and feeling, no digression from its theme, no other character in its pages except that of her husband, besides the doctors and nurses whose skill she requires during this time, and those mothers and their babies with whom contact intensifies her reactions. The mother does not go into the psychology of the instinct for self-reproduction, so that she is more easily able to preserve a warm, human tone. Although her style is entirely personal, one feels that she has spoken for all women who conceive and bear their children under the ideal circumstances which she describes as her own. The child is her first—coming when her whole life has centered itself about her great desire for it—and as the result of a love that is deep and beautiful.

It is a short book, read easily and quickly, but leaving the impression of a deeply moving description of the intensity of joy and pain, of love and sorrow, that is attendant upon this supreme miracle of life.

MARY POKRASS

EDGAR ALLAN POE, A Study In Genus By Joseph Wood Krutch New York Alfred A Knopf, 1926 \$3 00

POE undoubtedly has been the most discussed of American literary figures. He continues to be the favorite subject of discussion in the realm of American genius. This is not without a valid cause. He is the best native example of that type of genius which combines unique creativeness and originality with a congenital pathological disposition that finally lapses into definite psychosis. Poe was brilliant and creative, morbid and mad. And his career of colorful contrast occurred at a time when the representative figures in American literature were inevitably subjected to the provincial criterion of more or less puritanical standards of conduct. Practically all of Poe's distinguished literary contemporaries were outstanding examples of decorum and conventionality—which is not meant as criticism, but as a statement of fact, to emphasize the precariousness of Poe's position. Incidentally, there is no long list of psychographic bi-

ographies and soul-searching interpretations to vitalize the memories of these decorous contemporaries.

Mr Krutch has made a distinct contribution to the interpretative critiques of Poe's life by employing the methods of the newer psychology in his approach. He has departed fundamentally from the manner of other biographers by considering Poe's abnormalities as essential to the character of his genius and art. Mr Krutch has taken the position that "the forces which wrecked Poe's life wrote his works." As a result, his biographical study is an attempt to view Poe's life and art as a unified whole, instead of dissociating and treating them as two separate subjects, or two independent aspects of a subject. This is in accordance with the method of modern psychology—the scientific approach to the problems of personality.

While not a technical study, Mr Krutch has made a good case history analysis of his subject, and the psychiatrist and the psychologist, as well as the layman, should find his exposition and interpretation quite illuminating.

WILLIAM J FIELDING

One Fruit of Street Selling

Canada

While in New York a month ago, I was passing the Grand Central Station on 42nd street and there noticed a woman holding up the "BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW" for February, and I purchased one. Should like to subscribe for a year anyway. Also can you tell me if you have any clinics here, and who is your representatives? Have you ever lectured here? I should so like to meet you. My brother and sister have heard you in New York.

I am one of the lucky wives and mothers, having a son and daughter and a *samt* of a husband. However, in spite of that fact I want to know more of your work and I also want more definite information about contraceptives. I have only been in this city a short while, and so far have not found anyone who knows whether you have a clinic or representative here. I know many women among my friends who will be very grateful to me if through you I can help them. Personally I would do anything to assist you if there were any way in which I could. It is a very wonderful work.

I have only recently read Mr Havelock Ellis, and it is a great pity more people don't know his works. I have not a single friend here who ever heard of him, and Toronto people seem rather nervous and narrow about discussing sex in any way. I should like to say a lot more. However, if you could put me in touch with your representatives I should be very grateful.

Women owe women like you and Mr Havelock Ellis a tremendous debt.

WEDLOCK, by Jacob Wasserman, translated by Ludwig Lewisohn, Boni & Liveright

IT WOULD be difficult to classify this book as fiction. When the last leaf is turned, so vivid and true are the characters each one might be identified in the files of a psychiatrist.

The story is pivoted around a professional man, who through his practice of law is constantly thrown into the unhappy, pitiful and sordid stream of human relationship. His own soul is finally caught in this muddy stream—caught because he sought and hungered for freedom, a freedom that included the body as well as the spirit.

As a background to this we have the self-effacing wife dedicating her life to the machinery of his household, masking her emotions with a cheerful poise that was not always concealed from her daughters.

The daughters offer the author a medium to express the revolt of youth against the sterile routine of their environment. "All that we are doing now has the color of baby-ribbon and cheap lemonade, we see through lies and outmoded laws and are aware of the contradiction between what is taught and what is done." The father can only offer an elaborate style of speech in reply, bitterly resented by the daughters. "You can't make anything clear to them they have never felt pain." All through the book is this thread of mockery toward the old because they fail so completely to comprehend the needs of the young.

Women, selfish in their love, possessing their mates, outraged women, demanding allegiance because of their motherhood, pass through the portals of this office of law. The author shows a fine comprehension of the hearts of women, their need for love and companionship, and the bitterness of the failure of marriage. "I have seen the happiest unions, and when children come everything becomes grey and difficult, women can do little to sustain the level of happiness." In his understanding of the tragedy of forced maternity he says, "Are they to bear a child every fourteen months? What is society to do with all these children, considering that even now there are far too many people in the world. One has seen women grown homely from sheer sadness."

The desire for freedom from the bondage of life carried the man under the influence of a woman who gave remarkable performances in a repertory theatre. Night after night he listened to the magic of her voice and became a part of the group of moral highbinders surrounding her. They had stolen most of the decencies of life, and it was into this pit he was plunged in his effort to catch the essence of this woman's freedom and disregard of human relationships.

Out of this he was drawn by a friend, a dishevelled grotesque figure who had received his soul confessions and who, in his repulsive and pathetic body, hid a heart of gold, and the pure flame of friendship and sympathy.

The high note of the book is struck in this relationship between man and man, everything else is left in the grey shadow of doubt. Wedlock finds one or other left on the path of life, men and women lacerate each other, with remorse and confession, truth and falsehood. They are all ground out of the mill, the marriage mill. No spark within, no renewal of the flame, the only hope flung in the last page is "go a-hunting for yourself, seek an inner quietude."

ANNE KENNEDY



Unjust the Pangs of Birth

God is male and, partial to His sex,
Unjust. How otherwise can you explain
The clumsy trick of birth and its gaunt wrecks—
For man the joy, for woman all the pain?

If this as penalty for Eve be meant,
Do women never earn their bread in sweat?
For him the heaven of two warm bodies blent,
A hell for her, alone and torn and set!

There is no way to share your anguish, wife,
But I can fight my sex's tyranny,
Help all be masters, not the serfs, of life
Choose motherhood or ban it, you are free!

—RALPH CHEYNEY

Is There No Answer?

New Mexico

I am a mother of six living children, the oldest ten years, the baby two months old. I am very nervous and sickly over my children. It is terrible to think of bringing these little bodies and souls into the world without the means and strength to care for them, and I see no relief unless you give it to me or tell me where to get it. I am weaker each time and I know that this must be the last one, for it would be better for to go than to bring more neglected babies into the world. I can hardly sleep at night for worrying. Is there no answer for women like me? There isn't any harder thing than live with a big family and nothing to raise them on. We do not own a roof over our heads and I am so discouraged I want to die if nothing can be done. We make our living hard because we have nothing to depend on but the hard work of my husband.

More Blands and Gentles

The press continues to exploit record families. The *Literary Digest* in a recent number collected the stories of more than a dozen Americans in the present and past generations who rivaled or surpassed the Gentles and the Blands. The noteworthy thing about the collection is that not one of the families showed a single member of any distinction. "Numbers," the word taken by Matthew Arnold to describe the unthinking herd, is all they contributed. The lengths to which the press will go to make a sensation is shown by this cock and bull story from Germany.

"A world record, magnificently earned, is a French newspaper comment on the performance of Bernard Schenberg, an Austrian, 76 years of age, the father of 88 children, of whom 84 are living. Schenberg was married twice and had 70 children by his first wife who died at the age of 56. He married the second time at the age of 57 and by this union had 18 children. The first Mme Schenberg had quadruplets four times, triplets seven times and twins 16 times and only one single child.

An indignant correspondent sends us the following comment on the male Gentles and Blands of the world:

Of all the Champions in recent months, it remained for the "Champion Fathers" to carry off the honors—being presented to the Congress and President of the United States.

But no sooner does one claim the distinction of having fathered *twenty-nine*—count them on your fingers to slow music—than another brags—without the flicker of an eyelash—that he has *thirty-four*! Though so slight was their contribution to the long, anxious and perilous process of Creation that they knew nothing about it until they were told!

A Martian, who gets this by wireless, will naturally infer these men gave birth to their young, since they carry off the honors—being in a somewhat anomalous position as to who's who!

While woman has partial citizenship, she still lives under the supervision of cruel laws in which she has never had a voice. Motherhood—by and large—is still at the will of her sexual "Protector" regardless of consequences to her, her child, or society.

John Stuart Mill, "On the Subjection of Woman" says, "No other creature—not even the slave—is so peculiarly at the will and mercy of another as is the Wife and Mother."

Her history will never be told, as it defies description, but her blood cries from the ground, to mingle with the cries and sobs of her helpless little ones defrauded of every right but that of suffering.

Woman, at an inconceivable personal cost carries on

the race, and to what end? Her enforced progeny is overcrowding jails and hells generally. While those outside these cages live in armed camps against each other.

"Hers not to reason why—hers but to do and die" unheard—unhonored—and unsung since church and State get her services for nothing.

We have much to be ashamed of, but enforced motherhood is a sin against the Holy Ghost, if there is such a sin. Yet a certain "Cardinal" says that God likes it just this way, whether misshapen or however tortured, "all is grist that comes to His mill." A blasphemy so shocking that this "Prince" must be an emissary of a hideous, frightful monster.

Our recent marvelous flower show—what a mute indictment of our criminal neglect of our own human flowers! The majority of which grow up perforce as human weeds—yet "eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of many to conceive" what he can and will be.

Man is learning that in enslaving woman he has enslaved himself in putting a *lock* in wedlock, a *mar* in marriage, a *bridle* on the bride led, a sacrifice, to the altar. He also has suffered under this archaic regime, and he begins to see the light.

And this brings me back to the two star "Champions" happily named "Bland" and "Gentle." A protest is long overdue against their cruel, shameless boast, while the poor domestic animal—the female—isn't even mentioned!

MRS A M GREENE

Catholics

"For the Cause" said a Protestant clergyman, giving me a quarter as he passed. A moment later a poor, dirty, slovenly, hatless woman looked shocked and crossed herself.

In the course of conversation with another woman who bought the *Review* for a friend, I remarked that though the Catholic Church was opposed to Birth Control the women were becoming converted to it more and more. "I know it," she said, "I am a Catholic and so is my friend."

A woman from the Bronx whose neighbor "Mrs. Kelly" had 8 and didn't want any more, took the latter to a druggist and bought the necessary preventives. About a month later, "Mrs. Kelly" told her she had been to confession and the priest told her she would go to hell if she didn't burn those things. So she burned them.

A man from New Jersey told me of a Catholic neighbor who, "confessed" that she did not intend to have any more children, having 6 already which she had a hard struggle to provide for. The priest told her she would go to hell if she refused to have more, and that God would provide for all, that He even provided food for the little birds in the air, and she answered, "Yes, father the little birds in the air eat manure, but I can't feed my children on that!"

KITTY MARION



Before and After

A Passage from the Report of the Society for the Provision of Birth Control Clinics (Great Britain)

SOME of the most interesting ramifications of the work of the society are to be found in far-distant lands. Even in its earliest days, when the Walworth Women's Welfare Centre was its only expression, the work was never parochial, today the society has links with the very ends of the earth. Soldiers' wives departing to foreign stations, migrants to the overseas dominions, and others going to live abroad permanently are frequent among the patients attending the centres. "When I see the frightful difficulties and risks and expense that other women have out here," writes a patient from Palestine, "I realize again how grateful I am to the centre for the advice and help I had. It is lovely to choose the time and place for one's baby."

The Cambridge committee records how a former undergraduate, writing from his native India, felt that "the existence of a Birth Control Clinic in a town so old and respected must be a sufficient guarantee of its scientific character." He and his wife, a medical student, had one child and were anxious to space their family.

The reasonable and legitimate desire for a "rest" between child-bearing constantly finds expression in the letters received at the centres, as does the concomitant thankfulness for such breaks made possible by the advice and help given. A Glasgow woman writes:

"I have five children, one only six weeks old, and I have quite a handful. My oldest is not six till March, so I am fed-up, not having a rest."

At 21 years of age, a Wandsworth mother of three children finds herself sorely overburdened.

"The eldest is just three years old, the youngest nine months, and I am a month pregnant. It is such a worry for me, my husband in and out of work."

From West Norwood comes this pitiful story, the writer a woman of 39 years, wife of a casual laborer, and mother of eleven living children, in addition to one dead at birth and four miscarriages.

"My doctor (at King's College Hospital) said I must not have any more children and sent me to your centre. Unfortunately I did not know of it till I was already pregnant, otherwise I should have been before. God only knows I don't want any more. I would not like to lose any of my children, but it is a hard struggle although my husband is in work. It takes all my time and money to get food for them, clothes and boots are a terrible worry. I do so hope to God I have no more children."

A brighter note is struck by the thankful mothers who

have been relieved of the fear and burden of undesired pregnancy. Thus, another South London mother:

"I am more than thankful for the advice received. I have been feeling much better in health since visiting the centre."

From Finsbury, a husband and wife sign jointly a letter of thanks:

"Personally, we are very grateful for the advice, and I must say that my wife has been in better health since using the appliance."

And this, from Catford, shows how a visit to the Walworth Centre changed a mother's whole outlook on life:

"How I thank you for your kind interest in me and the help I have received owing to you! After having had seven children so quickly, I began to lose all heart and to wonder whether life was really worth living. Now everything has changed, I seem to love my children more and all my duties."

As noted in last year's report, the mother who desires another child after an interval of rest is frequently represented among the patients. Thus, for example, a Chingford woman writes:

"I have used the appliance since August, 1924, with complete success, but wishing now to become a mother again, I have ceased using same."

Father of Thirteen

Pennsylvania

I am the mother of 7 children, 5 living and 2 dead, and I am 2 months gone again. My baby is only eight months old. I am near out of my mind and I have 2 others just about babies as they can't take care of themselves yet. I married a man 20 years older than myself. He was married before I married him and had 6 children to his first wife. It is awful to have so many children, and some of them must be neglected, as it is hard to take care of so many little ones and take care of a 9-room house. I am near simple thinking I am that way again. I was sitting reading some of the letters in the book I sent for. It is called "Woman and the New Race." I got it from you, and I thought I would write to you and you would give me some advice what to do as I don't want any more children. My age is 35 years and people say I am getting old looking. No wonder, children one after another and the work you have to do is enough to make you look older.

A Lighter Column

As a Roman Catholic Mr Belloc cannot be in favor of Birth Control, but his passion for the epigram seems to take him perilously in that direction. Thus among a number of ironic epigrams in Mr Squire's new "Mercury" is this

ON VITAL STATISTICS

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,*
Where wealth accumulates and men decay"
But how much more unfortunate are those
Where wealth declines and population grows

—*Westminster Gazette* (London)

* This line is execrable and I note it,
I quote it as the faulty Poet wrote it

Student Professor, what is parthenogenesis?
Professor That is very simple, my boy Partheno-
genesis is the very opposite of Adam and Eve-olution

The social worker sat in the railway station, with her two small and sturdy children, waiting for a train, when a tremulous little old lady came in and sat down by them

"Are these your children?" she asked the social worker
"Yes"

"And are they all you have?"

"Yes—all I have"

"What a pity," said the old lady "I think it's so nice to have a large family I had fourteen"

"How many grew up?" asked the social worker

"Only four," the little old lady answered

"What a fearful waste of labor!" the social worker murmured—unconscious of her double meaning

THE CHILDREN

[Simplicissimus, Munich]



"UNFORTUNATELY, ALL OURS ARE NORMAL. THE MEIERS GET ALL THEIRS INTO SANATORIUMS"

BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

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Early Fall Features

will be

Stories of the three great
International Conferences
to be held in Europe
in September



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News Notes

UNITED STATES

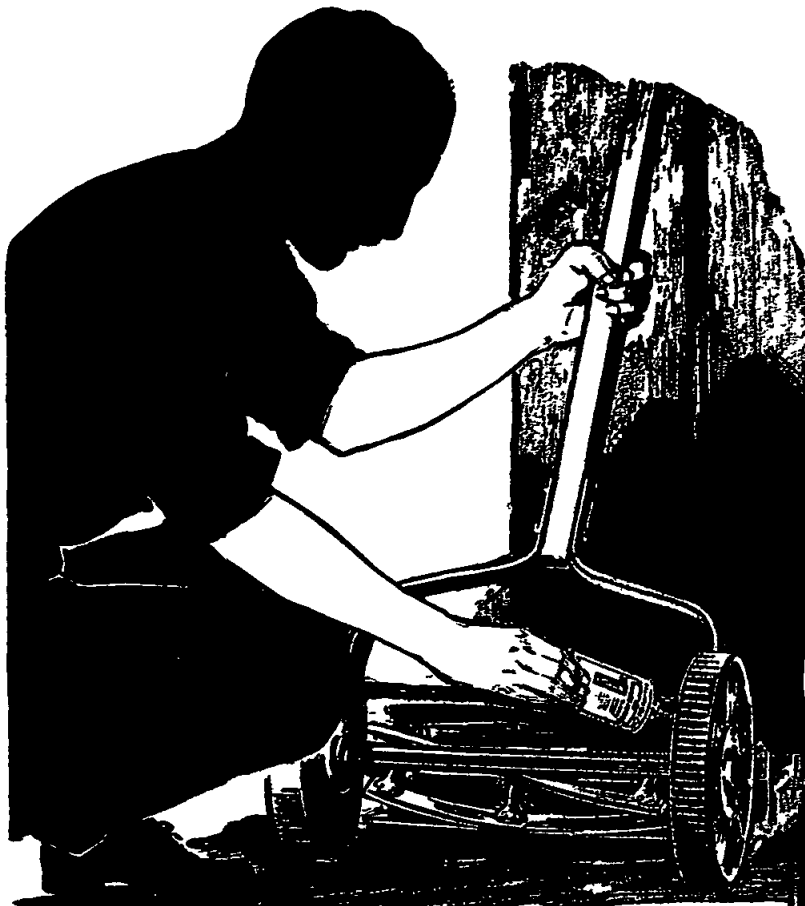
ON JUNE 18 Kitty Marion was again subjected to arrest, this time as she stood near the Grand Central and on the charge of obstructing traffic. The case was heard before the 4th District Municipal Court and it was, of course, immediately dismissed.

Among visitors at headquarters during July were Dr Leon J Cole and Dr P W Whiting, who were on their way to the World Population, the Genetics and the Eugenic Conferences, and Dr Roswell H Johnson of the University of Pittsburgh, who is sailing for Russia to study the eugenic situation there.

Visitors from the far east were Dr S Ando, of the General Hospital at Tsingtau, China and Dr F Chubachi, of the Children's Clinic, Keio University, Tokio, Japan.

ENGLAND

HOLBORN RESTAURANT has been chosen as the place for the Jubilee Dinner of the Malthusian League, which will be held at 8 o'clock on July 26. J M Keynes will act as chairman and among the speakers will be Annie Besant and H G Wells. We hope to publish a full account of the dinner in our September number.



Your Mower Will Mow More

Do you remember how easily your lawn mower pushed when you first got it? And how the blades whizzed their way across the lawn? It was well oiled and rust free then!

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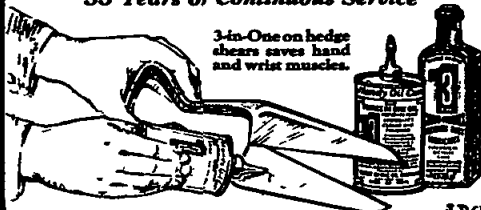
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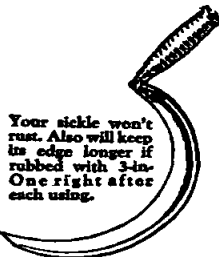
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